

Men of attainment—the brainy fellows who do things—have a keen sense for quality. They were quick to see the superiority of Fatima, the cigarette of marvelous Turkish-blend.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



"Distinctively Individual"

15¢ the Package

· LIFE ·



AS WE SEE IT IN GRAND OPERA

THE HANDSOME, DASHING LOVER
TELLS THE GIRLISH HEROINE HOW
BEAUTIFUL SHE IS.

The Policeman's Horse

The policeman's horse of New York is, if appearances count, the happiest of his race. He has a friend in the person of his master and the master has a friend in his horse. They get on so well together that they seem to have come into the world for each other. These fortunate animals all bear the same placid expression, indicating a condition of mind which proves complete satisfaction with attending conditions. Their faithful devotion to the master, and submission to his will, are self-evident, and the confidence of the horse in his master is like that of a child in the control of a parent. There are reasons for this kindly intercourse between man and beast, which are not apparent to those who think that animals have no rights which human beings ought to respect. But to those who love them and try to interpret their thoughts, their language of silence is as plain as uttered words.

General Rush C. Hawkins in
Bulletin of A. S. P. C. A.



Select
Country Places
At Greenwich, Conn.

Refer to **Raymond B. Thompson**
Or **Chester Montgomery**
Tel. 866 Greenwich Smith Building

For a Winter Trip BERMUDA

A charming little island world only 48 hours from New York. Climate mild but invigorating. Superb driving, saddle riding, golf, tennis, yachting and sea bathing. The well known

PRINCESS HOTEL

provides true comfort in full measure: Modern service throughout, including electric light, telephones, grill room, tiled swimming pool. Open December to May.

HOWE & TWOROGER, Mgrs., HAMILTON, BERMUDA.



ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes
—The Standard Remedy for the feet
for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials.

Trade-Mark. Sold everywhere. 25c. Sample FREE.
Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.
The Man who put the EEs in FEET.

¶ You don't have to come to *this* birthday party!
It will come to you.

¶ Ainslee's, "the magazine that entertains," was
born fifteen years ago this month.

¶ We are celebrating the event in the February
issue, now on sale, as follows:

A complete novelette by

Elinor Glyn

"Seven Fridays," a delightfully appealing little story by

Marie Van Vorst

A sparkling mystery tale of society by

May Futrelle

A brilliant essay on the art of pleasing, by

Edgar Saltus

"Radiant Lady," another charming gypsy tale, by

Nina Wilcox Putnam

"Tarquin's Clock Strikes Twelve," one of the most original and colorful tales ever written by

Thomas P. Byron

"A Matter of Standard," the third episode in the career of the alluring "Woman With a Past," who was introduced to Ainslee's by

Anna Alice Chapin

"The Beast," a fascinating French detective yarn, by

F. Berkeley Smith

and five other unusual short stories of the kind that makes the high-cost-of-living immaterial.

¶ On the news stand Ainslee's is fifteen cents.
In the home it's priceless.

AINSLEE'S FOR FEBRUARY

· LIFE ·



Why Not Be a Philanthropist?

*The Philanthropist's
Number of*

Life

Next week, will reveal the possibilities of Philanthropy in all of its hideous phases—not to speak of its pleasant by-paths.

Shall Life Issue a Humorous Number?

This great problem still confronts us in all its tragic aspect. It has also, unfortunately, its comic side.

In the first place, what is a humorous thing? We frankly confess we don't know. Ought it to make you laugh? Or, perchance, only make you smile?

What makes you, sir, or madam, think you have a sense of humor?

Being slightly meticulous, we are pausing on the threshold of a great responsibility, to find out about these matters. We think now that we shall make a frankly incompetent effort to issue a Humorous Number. If it fails, we will try again.

Advice from everybody is solicited on this important subject.

Fifty-Six Days More to the Awful Number

**Special
Offer**

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This order must come to us direct: not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 17 West 31, New York

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04.)





The Perfect Dress Tie
The tie with the button-on tabs
Buy by the label
"The Perfect Dress Tie"
Made of the finest French fabrics
Sold in the best shops the world
over. 50 cents and better.
Keys & Lockwood
New York



Song—Mr. Carnegie

A princelier son of Plutus never
 Did in this world exist;
 To nobody second
 I'm easily reckoned
 The boss philanthropist,
 It is my most inane endeavor
 To rid myself of pelf
 So every cent'll
 Quite incidental-
 Ly advertise myself.

My object all sublime
 I shall achieve in time—
 To show that opulence is a crime,
 That opulence is a crime;
 And make each million spent
 Eternally represent
 A never-ending advertisement—
 An endless advertisement.

I lie awake nights inventing plans
 To give my wealth away.
 I've libraries scattered
 And splattered and splattered
 All over the U. S. A.
 And every hour or so I start
 A "Fund" for this or that;
 But somehow or other,
 In one way or t'other,
 They fall extremely flat.

I fling my gold like sightless Plutus,
 The mythological mint,
 And prattle with unction
 At every function
 To get my name in print.
 It is my daily and dear endeavor,
 My constant end and aim,
 To scatter my ducats,
 In barrels and buckets,
 And advertise my name.

—Chicago Tribune.

"How did you like the actor who
 played the king?"

"Ever since I saw him I've been in
 favor of a republic."

—Fliegende Blätter.

"Who Makes War?"

"Is there no means of avoiding war?" This question is being asked with some bewilderment by millions of men in this country who want to know what difficulties there are in the present situation which should threaten Europe with a general war. * * *

There are no irresistible waves of popular feeling, no gusts of angry passion, such as sweep whole peoples into war before they are well aware of what they are doing. There is no great action in Europe which to-day has the least desire that millions of men should be torn from their homes and flung headlong to destruction at the bidding of vain ambitions. In England men will learn with amazement and incredulity that war is possible over the question of a Servian port, or even over the larger issues which are said to lie behind it. Yet that is whither the nations are blindly drifting. Who, then, makes war?

The answer is to be found in the Chancelleries of Europe, among the men who have too long played with human lives as pawns in a game of chess, who have become so enmeshed in formulas and the jargon of diplomacy that they have ceased to be conscious of the poignant realities with which they trifle.

And thus will war continue to be made until the great masses who are the sport of professional schemers and dreamers say the word which shall bring not eternal peace, for that is impossible, but a determination that wars shall be fought only in a just and righteous and vital cause."—London Times.

SOCRATES being asked whether it were better to marry or not to marry, replied: "Whichever you do, you will regret it."



When you want a whiskey that is a little better than you can get at your club, I have it for you.

V. O. S.
GOLD ARMOR WHISKEY

A blend of straight Bourbons, one selected for its aroma, another for its body and a third for its flavor, and all taken from my own family's collection of rare old Bourbons—so harmonized as to produce that exquisite bouquet, the eternal quest of the connoisseur. Undoubtedly an ideal in whiskey, but if you don't find it so you can have your money returned.

Sold only by mail, 4 quarts \$6. Send check or use your business stationery. Express prepaid.

RANDOLPH ROSE,
 Exclusively fine old whiskeys.
 York Street, Newport, Kentucky.

VOGUE



Smart Fashions
 for
Limited Incomes
 Number

NOW ON SALE

*"Smartness in dress depends far more
 on information than on income"*

A Useful Document.

The orders of Mr. J. W. Brooks, a once celebrated American railroad manager of Michigan were, it is said, almost beyond deciphering. On a certain occasion, when a second line had been laid on one of the branch roads, it was reported at headquarters that the barn of an old farmer stood partly upon land which the company had bought, and dangerously near to passing trains. Mr. Brooks, just getting ready for a trip down the Mississippi, wrote to the farmer that he must move his barn from the company's land at once. If he delayed he would be liable to a suit for damages. The old farmer duly received the letter, and was able to make out the manager's signature, but not another word could he decipher. He took it to the village postmaster, who, equally unable to translate the hieroglyphics, was unwilling to acknowledge it. "Didn't you sell a strip of land to the railroad?" he asked. "Yes." "Well, I guess this is a free pass over the road." And for over a year the farmer used the manager's letter as a pass, not one of the conductors being able to dispute his translation of the instrument.

—From Tidbits of American Humor.

BOOKKEEPER (to boss): Mr. Grouch, I'm going to get married.

GROUCH: Glad to hear it. You won't be so all-fired anxious to get home early.

—Business.



Packard "Six" Carriages

"38" "48"

Both Maximum Service Cars In Essential Qualities The Same

These features are common to both models

Left Drive

Avoids the necessity of stepping into the street.

Electric Self Cranker

Easily and simply operated from a driving position.

Centralized Control

Complete mastery of the car from the driver's seat. A compact control board at the finger tips operated with the slightest effort.

Electric Lighting

Controlling switches at the centralized control board.

Magneto Ignition

A high tension and dual ignition system, with magneto and storage battery entirely distinct from the starting and lighting equipment. Insures Packard efficiency at all speeds.

Six Cylinders Perfected

Flexible, efficient, silent, giving motion with no sense of exerted power.

Dry Plate Clutch

Proof against "burning" and certain of engagement without "grabbing."

Short Turning Radius

The Packard "38" turns in a street forty-one and one-half feet wide. The Packard "48" turns in a street forty-five feet wide.

Hydraulic Governor

Automatically regulates throttle opening. Avoids "stalling" the motor in crowded traffic; prevents motor racing when the clutch is disengaged; affords agreeable uniformity of road speeds without requiring skillful use of the accelerator pedal.

Forced Feed Oiling

Especially desirable for "sixes." An auxiliary system feeds oil directly to the cylinder walls and is automatically regulated for different power requirements.

Six-Inch Depth of Frame

Prevents body distortion and cramping of doors.

Size of Crank Shaft

The diameter of the "38" crank shaft is $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches; of the "48," $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Ample size of bearings insures maximum period of service without refitting.

Specifications in Brief

"38"

Six cylinders, 4 by $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches.
38 horsepower A. L. A. M. rating.
Actual brake horsepower 60.
Wheelbase touring car 134 inches.
Tires, front 36 by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, rear 37 by 5 inches.

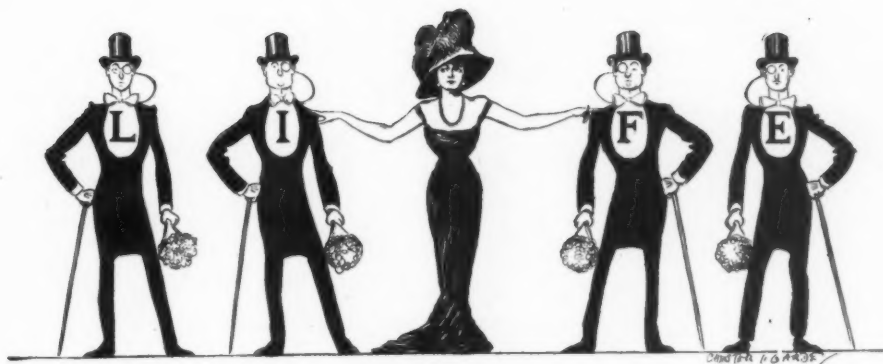
"48"

Six cylinders, $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
48 horsepower A. L. A. M. rating.
Actual brake horsepower 82.
Wheelbase touring car 139 inches.
Tires, front 36 by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, rear 37 by 5 inches.

A s k t h e m a n w h o o w n s o n e

Packard motor carriages will be exhibited
at the Coliseum, Chicago, February 1 to 8

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



Hope

O H, dear To-morrow, lift your golden wings,
Where, in the deepest chamber of the heart,
You sit and sing your whispered melodies;
You sit and spin your woven tapestries,
Bright with the gleam of dreams too dear to tell.

Oh, potent prophet to the weeping soul,
Goddess of tingling joy and tender grief,
Beloved vision, nebulous and fair,
Lift up the magic of your liquid voice,
Sing of the days that lie beneath your sway.

Leolyn Louise Everett.



THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CLUB ON ITS ANNUAL PICNIC



JANUARY 30, 1913

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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Published by

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J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

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ONE of the papers quotes Governor Wilson as saying that he has to have nine hours of sleep every night; otherwise he doesn't feel just right. Edison has often been quoted as saying that four hours' sleep is as much as anybody needs, but if the Governor feels a call for nine, here's to hope he will get nine, for, of course, we all want him to feel just right as much of the time as possible.

Nine hours is a long time to spend in bed. The last Democratic President used to work far into the night, doing with his own hand a good many things which, possibly, might better have been done for him. If Mr. Wilson succeeds in delegating enough of his work, and in finding the right men to do it, he may get his necessary nine hours of repose, but he cannot, as President, sleep nine hours a night and still be his own hired man.

Mr. Cleveland's early life included some sporting experience. Long before he was either President or Governor, he had learned to know the small hours and the various uses to which they may be put, and had learned to regard sleep as something to be had when convenient and to be postponed or abbreviated in times of pressure. But Mr. Cleveland was physically, as well as spiritually, very strong, and fit to survive more than most men. Dr. Wilson has no sporting record that we know of, and no training in physiological indiscretions, and seems not only never to have learned to sit up all night and go on the next day, but not to be especially indulgent to that part of the apparatus of life in which such exercises are practised. It

will be recalled that he looked somewhat coldly on that part of the social organization at Princeton, wherein, we suppose, proficiency in sitting up late is best attained. Perhaps he will live to be sorry that he did not learn more at Princeton out of school, but there's no telling. If he had, the chances are that he would not have attained to use his knowledge in the White House.



NINE hours' sleep will only leave him fifteen hours a day in which to work, play, talk, shave, dress, eat and receive callers, but that may be enough for a rapid worker. Some kinds of work he takes easily. He is a very good campaigner, talks easily, and can make speeches with less effort than most of us. Since last writing he has made one in Chicago and one in Trenton, besides sending his second annual message to the New Jersey Legislature. His message, calling for specific reforms and improvements for New Jersey, to be promoted by State legislation, has been much admired and commended. His speeches have been less approved. The gist of each of them was an entreaty to business men to be eagerly and promptly good without waiting to be goaded into it, and to help the President-elect to make that course popular and voluntary, since things, he said, are ill done by compulsion, and results so won are little worth. To our mind that was a worthy sentiment, but for some reason it has not been welcomed very warmly, perhaps because of the strength of its implication that the Governor thinks that the deport-

ment of American business can be improved.

But no matter about his speeches. Speeches have done much for him, first and last, and what he says is almost always interesting, though he is just a grain too apt to reach for the birch. But now things have come to the point with him when we are concerned, not so much about what he is able to say, as about what he may be able to do; what leadership he can disclose; what men he can get around him; as to his ability to work with them and get good work out of them, and to get the support and co-operation of Congress. When we consider these things the fact that bobs up biggest is not that he said so and so at Chicago, or this and that at Trenton, but that here is a man who wants nine hours' sleep every night.

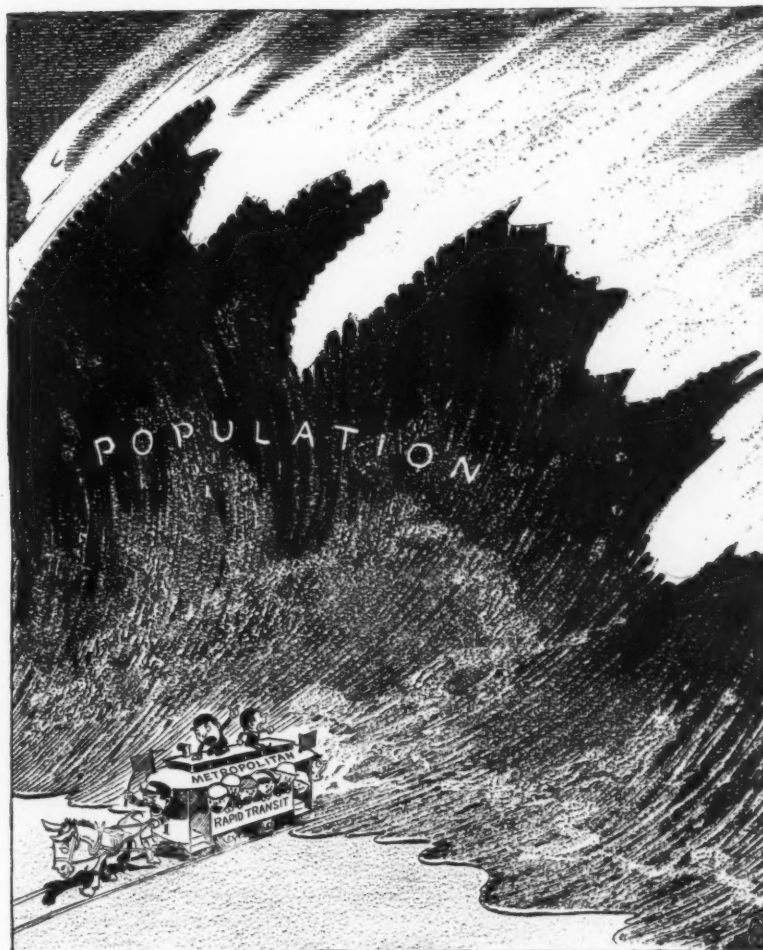
He must intend to *think*. Don't you think so?

And he must wish to think straight and normally.

That is very interesting. Can it be that we are to have a new ideal in politics and American life? From 1898 till about 1910 we had the ideal of the strenuous life; the life of enormous doing; of getting something done; of hitting the line hard and butting down the gates of Gaza. Under the inspiration of this ideal a great deal happened, thought in some cases preceding action, but more often lagging respectfully behind it, with a slowly accumulating consequence that the men who would do nothing and the men who would do anything came to look about equally dangerous, and enough of the voters turned away from both of them to elect this man who has this long standing habit to sleep nine hours every night for the benefit of his mental processes.



A LARGE proportion of our population would be better off and wiser if they stayed longer abed. Sleep is the cheapest good thing in the market. It costs nothing but time, and if the necessary time is well selected, you hardly miss it. If, following the present fashion of reforma-



"GIDDAP!"

tory legislation, all the legislatures should pass a law that all citizens should spend at least one-third of their time in bed, we dare say the demand for space in the lunatic asylums would fall right off. And probably the demand for laws would fall off too. We read that the Hon. Victor Murdock, of Kansas, is one of those who are trying to get the House to pass a bill prohibiting from the mails papers that contain liquor advertisements. Now, if Bro. Murdock got all the sleep he needed—eight or nine hours, full measure, every night—he'd feel lots better while he was awake, and think much better, and be able without effort to refrain from association with long-eared legislation

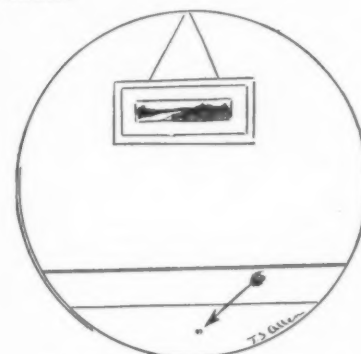
of that sort. And Congress, if it really got its sleep for only a month, would probably have a sufficient accession of courage to face the all-too-wakeful cohorts of W. C. T. U. and give back the merciful canteen to our poor, unhealthy army."



ALL the advocates of change and reform, including the entire Bull Moose party, all the Woman Suffragists, Bro. Bourne of Oregon, the recallers, the referendumites, and the initiators, belong abed a great deal more than they stay there. Eight or ten hours' sleep *every night* for every suf-

fragist would cure that movement inside of a year. What a relief! And the same treatment would be opportune in millions of kindred cases of people that are tired, and screech because self-control and self-help are too much of an effort.

Unless we have relief from the present urgency of improvement, we may expect, when the tariff has been fixed, and the interests and other familiar bad objects have been duly smitten, to see a concentration of all the available reformatory energy on the abatement of reform. In the way, indeed, that things coming dovetail unobtrusively in between things that are, the signs of this approaching removal are already discernible. The trouble is that the contemporary people who want to improve life all seem to rush to governmental means. Time was when men like Moody and Sankey used preaching and prayers and hymns for purposes of regeneration as Whitfield and Wesley and large companies of other well-doers had done before them. But the hymn-book is not direct enough for our current improvers. For them it is the statute-book or nothing. They all reach out after universal righteousness by law, and are bound to encounter the immemorial revenges of that method. The objection to governmental means is that it is a use of the power and the money of all the people to do what some of them think desirable for the rest. The necessary minimum of that is enough, and when it is exceeded the recoil is certain.



Miss Bacillus: YOU MUSTN'T KISS ME, GEORGE!
George Microbe: WHY NOT, DEAREST?
"I HEARD THE DOCTOR WHO LIVES HERE SAY KISSING IS DANGEROUS."

Imaginary Letters



DEAR Little Falls, New York:

My hat is off to you. I thought I knew how to handle a strike situation with the maximum of brutality and disregard for law and human rights. I thought my authorities were about as callous and ruffianly a lot as could possibly be gathered together in one small municipality, but, land sake's alive, you put me way in the shade. I wouldn't believe it at first, but when I read, in such reliable papers as the *Survey*, of how you interfered with free speech and how your special policemen clubbed and jailed innocent individuals and denied them the ordinary legal rights, I just sat back and realized that my own brief moment of fame had already passed away.

Of course I envy you. You know my leanings. Confidentially, however, I think it is a mistaken policy. It is all right to be on the side of the employers, but it isn't wise to show it too openly. If I had to go through the same thing again, I should feel as bloodthirsty as ever toward the employees, but, for policy's sake, I should act a bit more suavely. It is not for me, however, to be giving advice to the likes of you. I must keep a respectful silence in the presence of one who is obviously my superior.

Your obedient servant,
LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR SENATOR BOURNE:

That new parcel post of yours is great. It is easily the best piece of work we ever saw. As you might guess, we were greatly worried about the matter, for we had no notion that it was possible to devise a good parcel post. But you have done it. That zone system of yours is a wonderful scheme. It is the psychological thing at the psychological moment. How did you come to think of it? And the rates! Ah, the rates are all that we could ask for. You are a brave man, Senator, and you will be rewarded.

We meant to write you sooner and thank you for this excellent work, but frankly we have been so busy celebrating the victory that we neglected to do so. We hope, however, that you will forgive our remissness, and be assured that we appreciate keenly everything you have done. If we can be of service to you at any time, do not hesitate to command us.

Yours affectionately,
THE EXPRESS COMPANIES.

DEAR ADMINISTRATION:

Please accept our heartfelt thanks for your assistance in carrying forward our propaganda. Your prosecution of Mr. Debs is most timely. The close of the campaign

found our comrades, although far from discouraged, yet somewhat weary and without any definite crisis to spur them on to an immediate continuance of the fight. Your indictment of Mr. Debs, however, gives us just what we are looking for and will serve as a splendid start on the 1916 campaign. You showed great judgment, moreover, in indicting him for contempt of court. We have spent a great deal of time and printed a good many pamphlets in an effort to show a certain contempt of courts, a contempt which arises from our belief that courts find it much easier to clap a labor agitator into jail than a trust plunderer. Your timely service will help us mightily in keeping this discussion alive. Had you opened the matter before election, we fear it would have fallen flat, but now, ah, now—well, we can't find words fit enough to express our deep-seated gratitude.

Yours respectfully,
THE SOCIALIST PARTY.



Mrs. Noowedde (weeping): YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANY MORE. YOU GAVE ALL THOSE BEAUTIFUL CIGARS I GAVE YOU CHRISTMAS TO THE JANITOR AND THE HALL BOY.

Noowedde: DON'T CRY, DARLING, THEY'LL BRING THEM BACK SOON.



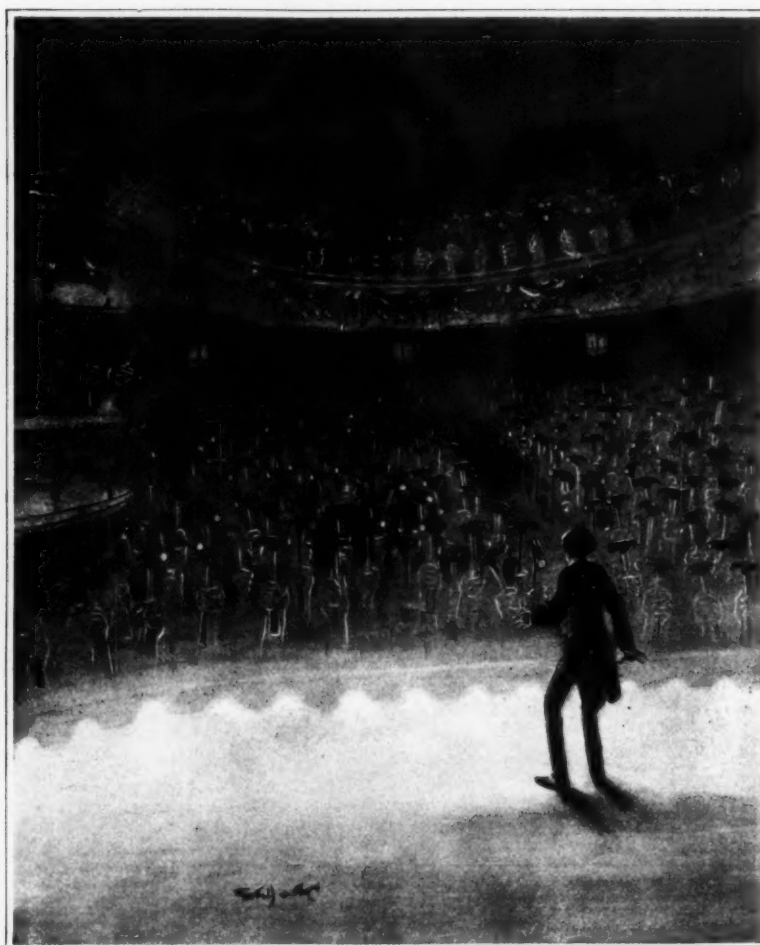
HOME CURE FOR A FIERY TEMPER

Oh! These Children

A MONTCLAIR clergyman has recently had the temerity to suggest that something ought to be done with our children, when, as he states, boys of twelve years of age send flowers to girls of the same age, accompany them in carriage to dances, where they stay until midnight or more, to the neglect of their studies.

Other critics are remarking about the conduct of our children. Eugene Brieux, the French playwright, has just written a play on the subject, based on the lack of respect which modern children have for their parents. M. Brieux declares that our young girls are in reality fitting themselves to conquer man in the future, and are instinctively taking the means at hand; they naturally despise their parents, who belong to a past generation and are quite incapable of understanding the new needs.

It seems to be true that the young people of the present day are in reality not so mature as they appear to be. Outwardly they seem precocious; their manners are far more advanced than those of previous generations, and they have a glib, slangy way of talking that conveys the idea of intense sophistication. But actually they are still in a period of infancy. The reason for this is that they have been more sheltered, they have had too many things done for them; their moral muscles are undeveloped; they lack character, will power and the fac-



Stage Fright



THE UNDER DOG

ulty of concentration. They are almost wholly deficient in a sense of individual responsibility.

Prof. John Fiske was one of the first scientists to point out that man differs from other animals by the prolongation of the period of infancy, which enables him, while sheltered at home, to take on a mental and moral growth. A few weeks after a dog or monkey is born he is ready for the business of his life. But a man may not be fully equipped until he is between twenty and thirty years of age. At some point in the life of a young human being there suddenly arises a sense of individual consciousness and responsibility; he awakens some morn-

ing and finds himself. The day before he was soulless and unmoral, the day after he enters the struggle and from thence works to become a useful citizen.

Are the well-to-do children of the present day missing this period altogether? Instead of prolonging their infancy to a later period in their lives, are they having so much done for them that they are becoming permanently mentally helpless? Is it quite true that girls spend their days in cheap evasions and in flirtations, and that boys run after the girls, drink cocktails and smoke cigarettes?

We guess there may be some truth in it. Some parents say there is; other



THAT DOLLAR WATCH

TOMMY (after the accident): GEE! THAT WAS LUCKY! TICKIN' AWAY LIKE A GOOD FELLER!

parents are so busy doing reprehensible things themselves that they have no time to talk or think about it.

Well, Why Not?

MR. G. F. BAKER, president of the First National Bank of New York, recently made the statement that he would as soon think of asking a man what the amount of his tailor's bill was as to ask him how much money he had in the bank. Mr. Baker does not seem to believe that a man's bank account should be made public.

Why not?

It was not so very long ago that the heads of insurance companies and other large financial corporations displayed very much the same attitude

about exposing their own affairs to the public view. Their stocks were listed upon the New York Stock Exchange and the public could buy them or not, as they pleased, but the idea of letting anybody know about the inside workings of these stocks was not only regarded with horror by the heads of these companies, but when such a thing was suggested, they looked at you reproachfully as if you were crazy.

This idea that a man who has property shall conceal its value and amount from his neighbors (many of whom may have helped him to accumulate it) is based upon the rule of the strong over the weak. It has no real basis, either in logic or reason. There are certain private things common to every man and woman which should

not be exposed to the public view, but the bank account of a man engaged in rigging the stock market, or buying and selling the necessities of life, is not one of them.

A Dispenser of Agony

CAN it be true that Dr. Alexis Carrel, winner of the Nobel prize, is to appear on the vaudeville stage and do stunts in surgery?

Perhaps this rumor comes from Paris, where he is not taken very seriously. Dr. Doyen, the well known French surgeon, not only ridicules the exploits of our astonishing Carrel, but asserts that he is doing nothing new; that his discoveries are ancient history.

And what a trail of blood!

Explained



ING FERDINAND of Aragon, of chivalry the paragon, had one small son of tender age (to have a son was then the rage), a mischief-loving little prince (as many a lad before and since), who one day hid the King his casque (to find the thing was no small tasque), which so aroused his father's ire (how can we blame that royal sire?), that finally the good King Ferd (these are the facts—or so I've heard), full weary of his princeling's pranks, decreed for him two dozen spanks. Now in those gallant days of yore (I should have mentioned this before) full armored was each man and boy (nine parts pure steel, one part alloy), and it so happened—'twas scarce mischance—the prince had on his metal pants.

Two lusty vassals of the King to do the royal bidding spring; athwart a bench they lay the youth, and now each swings a spade, forsooth. What means this tumult, clang on yell, that rends the air? Ah, Isabel! To think that *tempus demonstrat* your cherished child has come to that!

The court musician, strolling by, his keen ear heeds the weird outcry, and swift his tablet, note by note, records the music that he wrote. And thus I find—the proof would bore us—is the origin of the *Anvil Chorus*.

Dan C. Rule, Jr.

Save the Egrets

MR. EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH, New England Agent of the National Association of Audubon Societies, writes to the *Springfield Republican* that the egret, which has been despaired of for so many years, is gradually coming back; last summer about twenty of these birds were seen in Massachusetts, while there were



"A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR"



A PILGRIMETTE'S PROGRESSETTE

estimated to be about three thousand of them throughout the country; this year this will be increased, it is hoped, to five thousand.

Some years ago when Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the National Association, took up the work he gave up the attempt to protect the egret against the Indians and desperadoes of southern Florida, and he and the directors of the association turned their energies toward other states in the attempt to save the few birds left.

We rejoice that this attempt is succeeding; but the fight must be kept up by contributions and a still further development of public sentiment—especially among the women. If every woman who wore an egret were ostracized by her neighbors, the slaughter would stop.

A Wrong Diagnosis

The extravagance of American women has become a commonplace.

—*New York Evening Post*.

HOW can anything become a commonplace which maintains, on the heights of Art, such a variable and constantly surprising standard? A commonplace is not only something that we are used to—it is something that we are tired of, that we have ceased to examine with any curiosity, that has, so to speak, worn its way into our consciousness until it offers no new sensations. How can the extravagance of American women ever be anything like this? Every day, every hour, some new phase of it develops, some new vista expands to the expectant vision.

It is the one subject that, so long as the American woman exists, never could become commonplace.



Art Editor: WHY—ER—YOU SEE, SO FAR WE HAVE NEVER USED ANY ILLUSTRATIONS, BUT, IF YOU COULD DROP IN—ER—SAY ONCE OR TWICE A DAY, THERE'S NO TELLING—ER—WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN

The Pre-Historic Woman

AN expedition from Yale College has sailed for South America in order to make further extensive searches for the prehistoric man. This gentleman is (academically) supposed to have existed in Peru fifty thousand years ago, and Prof. Hiram Bingham of Yale is going to unearth him, if possible, and bring him back for purposes of exhibition and study.

It seems to us that Professor Bingham might be better engaged if he started out to find the prehistoric woman instead of the prehistoric man. This interesting person, if ever discovered, might furnish a fit subject for sociologists and lecturers.

We do not know what the prehistoric woman was like, but we have an idea that she washed her own dishes, made her own raiment, nursed her own children, and managed her own husband. We do not believe that the prehistoric woman belonged to a woman's club, although she may have wielded one in the interests of the family. We do not believe that the prehistoric woman, when the baby got sick, suddenly fell into a panic and called in the family physician. We have an idea that she treated the

children herself. And, in fact, while she was a very superior and dominating person, that her activities were narrowed to the limits of her own home, rather than outside of it.

If, therefore, this lady could be discovered and placed upon exhibition, she might become, even at this late date, an exceedingly useful and inspiring member of society.

The Female of Her Species, Etc.

THE dissolution of the Standard Oil Company has been followed by a big increase in the value of its stock. In one week before the first of the year, Standard Oil advanced nearly one hundred points.

The Standard Oil Company must have a feminine temperament. That is what happens to a woman when she becomes dissolved in tears; the dissolution is always followed by a period of reaction, in which the value of the woman doubles.

WIMBLE: Isn't Gumble's light-haired wife pretty extravagant?

GIMBLE: You bet! He calls her his blonded indebtedness.

Interesting Information

FOULKE ENGLE BRANDT has been pardoned by Governor Sulzer as the only way possible to undo a misuse of the machinery of justice.

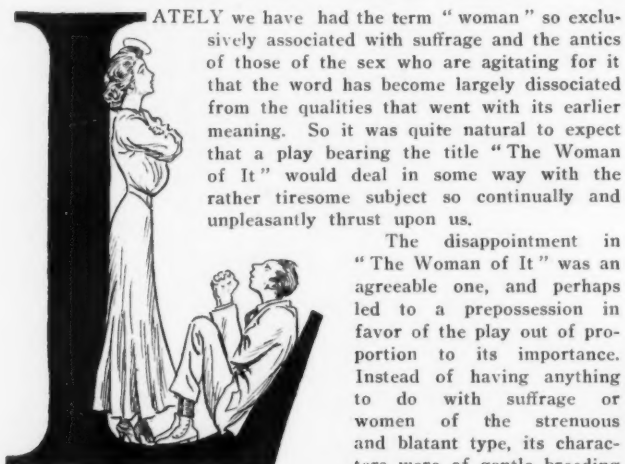
The Hon. Otto Rosalsky is still a judge on the New York bench.

Mr. Howard Gans is still a member of the New York bar.

Mr. Mortimer L. Schiff is still in business in Wall street.



Entirely on the Frivolous Side



LATELY we have had the term "woman" so exclusively associated with suffrage and the antics of those of the sex who are agitating for it that the word has become largely dissociated from the qualities that went with its earlier meaning. So it was quite natural to expect that a play bearing the title "The Woman of It" would deal in some way with the rather tiresome subject so continually and unpleasantly thrust upon us.

The disappointment in "The Woman of It" was an agreeable one, and perhaps led to a prepossession in favor of the play out of proportion to its importance. Instead of having anything to do with suffrage or women of the strenuous and blatant type, its characters were of gentle breeding

and its women achieved their purposes in the perfectly effective ways known to the sex since the days of Eve. There are moments when the complications of the piece approach the methods of French farce, but in the main it is polite comedy, always amusing and frequently merry.

The plot is not startlingly novel, engaging itself with the predicaments of two young married men who are not entirely proof against the temptations of flirtation. Their two wives are the parties of the other part. One of these is a young woman with a level head, who, when she discovers her husband's peccadillo, teaches him a lesson with the material he has placed in her hands, utilizing among other things the flirtatious propensities of the other husband. In the end she is entirely successful, and the two couples are shuffled back into their proper relations, with no harm done and every one the gainer by a lesson in experience. There is nothing tragic about the process. On the contrary everything happens naturally and seems with every new development to bring out new cause for smiles or laughter.

SUCH trifling material calls for careful handling and Mr. Brady has shown excellent judgment in the selection of his cast. Mr. Cyril Scott as the husband bent on a lark had a rôle exactly suited to his polite methods. In Janet Beecher, as the charming young wife who sets things straight, he had an admirable foil. Her breezy, wholesome personality and evident ability to see the humorous side of things fitted in perfectly with the character of the wife who prefers to make her erring spouse eat humble pie rather than to take the indignant or injured attitude which might have made a serious breach. Mr. Dallas Anderson also showed good powers as a comedian and an ease of bearing too rare among the young men of our stage when they have to play parts in conventional attire. Josephine Brown as the other wife was amusing in rather a new aspect of the married ingenue.

"The Woman of It" isn't an epoch-making drama, but it does furnish an evening full of agreeable, light entertainment, and without introducing us to American criminals or the unpleasant persons who from recent plays seem to make up most of the population of rural England.



A CREDITABLE effort to get away from the stereotyped idea of the musical show is shown in the plot of "Somewhere Else," but plot and lines seemed to give out before they were able to take the piece outside the limitations of this kind of entertainment. The various combinations that can be worked with girls, music, comedians, costumes and scenery seem to have been pretty thoroughly exhausted. In one of these entertainments the music and its rendering may be somewhat better than usual, in another the girls, in another the costumes, and very infrequently the comedians and the lines allotted to them rise to the point of real mirth-provoking. Their general similarity, however, suggests the advisability of managerial enterprise turning its attention to other fields.

"Somewhere Else" excels in the possession of a prima



"EFFIE, WILL YOU RUN TO THE DOOR AND CALL FIDO, PLEASE?"

"I CAN'T, MAMMA, 'COS I AREN'T SPEAKIN' TO FIDO SINCE HE BROKE MY DOLL."



MORE MOVING PICTURES

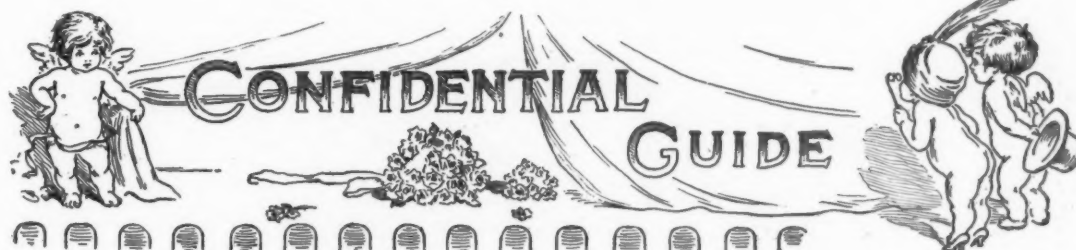
donna, good looking, of magnificent physique and an agreeable mezzo voice which she knows how to use. The musical material provided by Mr. Gustav Luders is not strikingly novel or original, but is up to the customary standard. The

lady's name is Cecil Cunningham. Others in the company are Mr. Taylor Holmes, who has scant material for his ability as a legitimate comedian; Mlle. Elene Leska, whose voice is not agreeable and who has an annoying way of playing directly at the audience; Mr. Will Philbrick, a comedian of the village cut-up type, together with a liberal supply of minor singers and the inevitable smiling ladies of the chorus.

"Somewhere Else" is slightly different from the usual musical show in Mr. Avery Hopwood's choice of its surroundings. In other respects it runs somewhere between sixty and seventy-five per cent. in general excellence.

THE exhibition of bare knees in our musical shows is increasing and the vogue for which Isidora Duncan and her contemporaries are responsible does not largely gratify the sense of the beautiful, although it may have its advantages from the point of view of managerial economy. Many of the ladies of the chorus exhibit scars of earlier experiences, and even cotton tights would be preferable to a view of the spot where Fido bit Gladysse McSwatny when she was a little girl, or the evidences of that youthful catastrophe when Gwendolyne and Mayme de Melville simultaneously fell down the cellar stairs in the ancestral mansion at Joplin, Mo. Besides, bareness has the effect of making fat ones look fatter and thin ones look thinner. Back to nature is a good principle, but not in this case.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"Fine Feathers," by Mr. Eugene Walter. Fairly interesting and well acted drama of one phase of the modern domestic problem.

Belasco.—"Years of Discretion." Charming and unusually clever American comedy of the day.

Broadway.—"Somewhere Else." See above.

Casino.—"The Firefly." Mme. Trentini as the star of an operetta that is both bright and tuneful.

Century.—"Joseph and His Brethren." The scriptural story made into interesting drama with impressive stage pictures.

Children's.—"Racketty Packetty House." An amusing children's play in a theatre constructed expressly for children.

Cohan's.—"Broadway Jones." Highly diverting and well-acted farcical comedy of swift American life.

Comedy.—"Fanny's First Play." Mr. George Bernard Shaw's satire and paradox aimed cleverly at his usual target, the British middle classes.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Miss Laurette Taylor as the charming Anglo-Irish-American heroine of an amusing comedy.

Criterion.—"The Argyle Case," in which Mr. Robert Hilliard as the detective hero exploits the modern methods of Mr. W. J. Burns.

Eltinge.—"Within the Law." Strong and well-acted melodrama with some telling hits at the methods of the American department store.

Empire.—"The Spy," by Henry Kistemaekers. French drama mixing up patriotism and the domestic triangle. Not convincingly acted.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Never Say Die." Mostly Mr. William Collier and his inimitable fun.

Gaiety.—"Stop Thief!" Professional thieves and kleptomaniacs in a laughter-inspiring mix-up.

Garrick.—"The Conspiracy." Moving New York melodrama unravelling the mystery of a blood-curdling crime.

Globe.—"The Lady of the Slipper." The old Cinderella theme utilized cleverly to show off Elsie Janis and Messrs. Montgomery and Stone in agreeable musical show.

Harris.—"Mr. John Kellard in 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

Hippodrome.—"Under Many Flags." Elaborate stage depiction of foreign scenes, ballet and spectacle.

Hudson.—"The Poor Little Rich Girl." Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—"The Sunshine Girl." Notice later.

Little.—"Rutherford and Son." A disservice but not cheerful study of English middle-class life, with Mr. Norman McKinnel's excellent acting.

Lyric.—"All for the Ladies." Remarkable collection of extreme fashions in gowns and Mr. Sam Bernard as the star features of fairly amusing musical show.

Lyceum.—"The New Secretary," with Marie Doro and Mr. Charles Cherry. Notice later.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Whip." Complicated melodrama of the standard English type with remarkable mechanical effects.

Maxine Elliott's.—"The Affairs of Anatol." Unique assortment of a bachelor's love affairs.

Afternoons.—"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Charming fairy play for children.

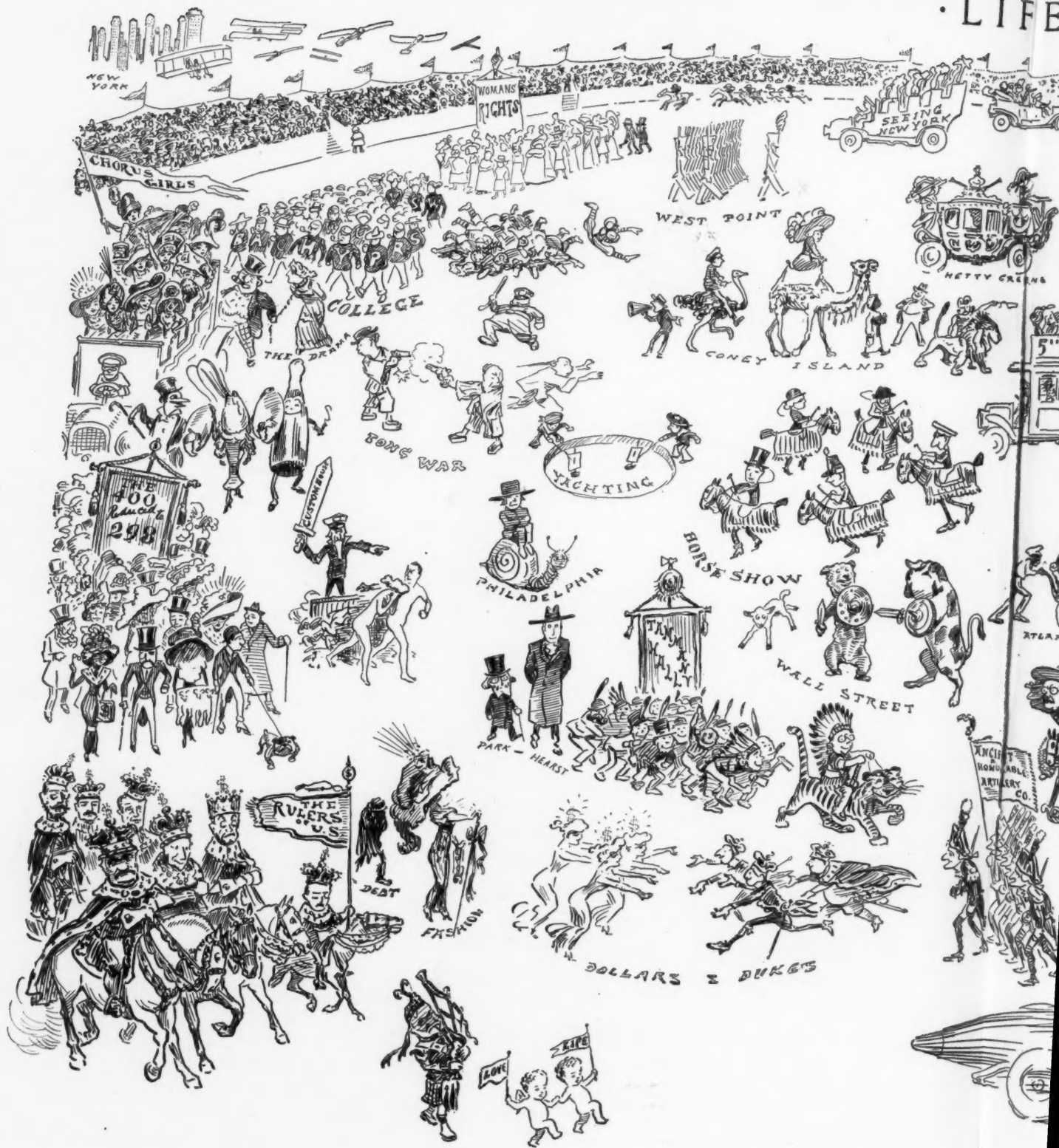
Playhouse.—"Little Women." Miss Alcott's classic of New England girl life put into agreeable stage version.

Republic.—"A Good Little Devil." Elaborate Belasco staging of poetic fairy play from the French. Unusual and well done.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Woman of It," by Mr. Frederick Lonsdale. See above.

Weber and Fields Music Hall.—"The Man With Three Wives." Notice later.

Winter Garden.—"Return of Gaby Deslys in 'The Honeymoon Express.'" Notice later.





Suffragettes and Cigars

A MAN in Philadelphia has refused to pay alimony to his wife on the ground that she smokes cigars and is a suffragist, and the Court has apparently upheld him in his defense.

This seems to be a reasonable stand, but why drag in the cigars? There is no logical reason why a woman should not smoke cigars if she wants to, except, of course, the absurd prejudice which exists against this custom for women. A man who is left alone in the house, or who is engaged in some trying occupation—such as losing money at poker—or sitting upon the bleaching boards at a baseball game, is upheld by society when he indulges in smoking cigars. Why should not a woman who sits up at night and takes care of the baby be able also to smoke cigars? If a man lights a cigar as he goes out of his house in the morning and walks to the office, why should not a woman wheeling a baby carriage have a similar consolation? There is no evidence that nicotine is any more disturbing to the health of a woman than it is to a man. In fact, in a test it is probable that women would be able to smoke more cigars than men without permanent injury.

On the other hand, the fact that a man's wife has become a suffragette—or a suffragist—is really important, and there is no reason why, in case she wishes to break the home ties, that her husband should support her.



Dr. Irvin S. Cobb, Literary Osteopath

THESE preliminary paragraphs are in the nature of a FRESH PAINT sign. They are meant to keep you from getting in wrong.

If you happen ever to have gotten a good look at Irvin S. Cobb (say when he was giving some of his celebrated oral extracts from African folk lore), and if you have the least trace of scientific curiosity in your make-up, you are likely to purchase, on sight and under the impression that it contains an explanation, with diagrams, of a natural phenomenon and morphological marvel, a recently published volume called "Cobb's Anatomy."

This book, however, isn't about Mr. Cobb; it's by him. And what's more it isn't intended to put information into you, but to jolt laughs out of you. In short, it isn't by Professor Cobb, Physiologist, but by Doctor Cobb, Osteopath.

You never heard of Literary Osteopathy? Oh, dear! Why it is quite the coming school! Suppose, for instance, that you have a bad taste in your mind, suspect the presence of cynic acid in your system, are suffering from a varicose vein of humor or have chalky deposits in your smiles. You join Dr. "Cobb's Anatomy" class. Does he order you polite pellets of

homeopathic humor? He does not. Does he prescribe alternate teaspoonfuls of philosophy and religion every two hours until relieved? Nit. He feels up and down the spinal column of your sense of proportion until he finds a lesion. Then he gets a wrestling hold on your attention, asks you to please relax, and just as you've definitely made up your mind that he is a coarse, impertinent man, with no sense of delicacy, a joke cracks somewhere down near the base of your brain and your involuntary risibles are set to functioning again in a disconcerting but highly beneficial manner.

But he's not over nice about it. Do not be misled on that score. The simple fact that "Cobb's Anatomy" (Doran, \$.75) is about "Tummies" and "Teeth" and "Hair" and things, doesn't begin to indicate how vulgar it is in spots. But probably that is part of the treatment—what they call "breaking up the adhesions." At any rate it gives me pleasure to testify to the fact that the course did me good.

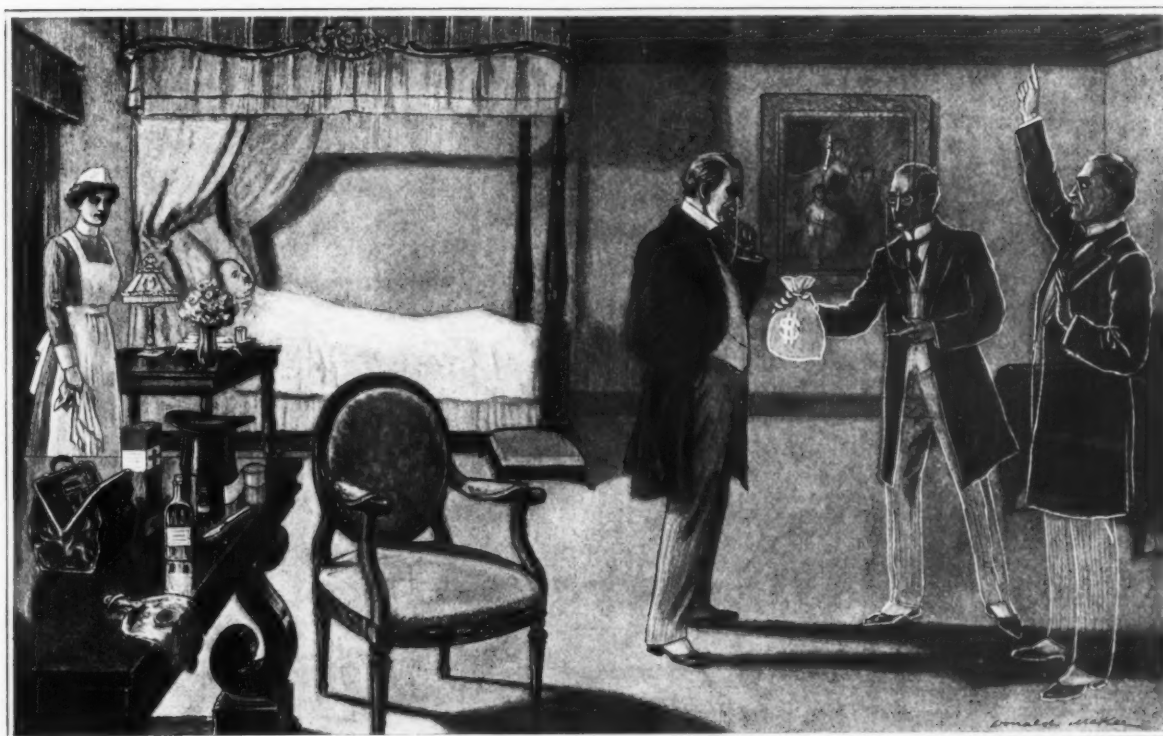
BY the way, Doctor Cobb has another class that also deserves to be well attended. It is called "Back Home" (Doran, \$1.25) and consists of ten short stories, acknowledgedly reminiscent in origin and decidedly pleasant in result, humorously, yet lovingly, descriptive of life in a post-bellum, semi-Southern town of western Kentucky and of old Judge Priest, its leading citizen, his exploits, cronies and contemporaries.

If your high-brow hurts you evenings, and you suffer from defective circulation in your sentiments; if you are threatened with emotional locomotor ataxia or have torpid tear ducts and incipient cirrhosis of the sympathies, go "Back Home" with Doctor Cobb. He'll jolt you a bit, but he'll do you good. And if you catch yourself crying over one of his stories, take it as a good omen. It means that you are still amenable to treatment.

J. B. Kerfoot.



ELIGIBLE



"WONDER IF I'D BETTER OPERATE"



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE

Atlantis, by Gerhart Hauptmann. Have you ever, in your travels, met any touring Teutons? This plodding description of a German's journeyings will recall the porcine experience.

Back Home, by Irvin S. Cobb. See preceding page.

Bubbles of the Foam, by F. W. Bain. The spirit of Hindu mythology made manifest to Western readers in a story of poetic quality and exquisite craftsmanship.

Cobb's Anatomy, by Irvin S. Cobb. See preceding page.

The Financier, by Theodore Dreiser. The early career of a multi-millionaire, whose history outlines an epoch in American development and whose character epitomizes a phase of the American spirit.

The Green Overcoat, by Hilaire Belloc. The part played by a borrowed great-coat in the psychological seduction of a respectable professor. An amusing tale full of double-edged humor.

The Grey Stocking and Other Plays, by Maurice Baring. Plays that may act like angels, but that read like poor poll.

Her Soul and Her Body, by Louise Closser Hale. A country girl student's struggles against loneliness and poverty in Boston. A study-story in the psychology of sex, freshly observed and honestly told.

In Other Words, by Franklin P. Adams. The odes of Horace and other classic verse wittily parodied and applied to current topics.

Jade, by Berthold Lanfer. A valuable and interesting study of excavated jade amulets, votive offerings and ceremonial pieces in their relation to Chinese religion and archeology.

The Man Who Came Back, by John Fleming Wilson. A crisply told tale of a rapid descent to Avernus and of a slow crawl up again.

The Mythological Zoo, by Oliver Herford. Twenty-two portraits, with nonsense verse descriptions, of such creatures as the siren, the hypogriff, the minotaur and the mermaid. They're a great bunch.

Old Age, Its Prevention and Cure, by Sanford Bennett. The worst written book in the English language about the best system of exercises extant.

The Provincial American, by Meredith Nicholson. Essays (including "The Confessions of a Best Seller"), in which the personal note is pleasantly sounded.

The Reef, by Edith Wharton. A tale of lives unheroically wrecked in calm weather. Subtle analyses of character presented in marvelously supple prose.

Some English Story Tellers, by Frederick Taber Cooper. Estimates, by academic criteria, of the work of fifteen well known novelists.

Scientific Sprague, by Francis Lynde. Short stories of railroading on the "Red Butte Western," with a high-brow detective person in the leading rôles.

The Women of Shakespeare, by Frank Harris. An attempt to deduce the personal character of Shakespeare and his associates from an analysis of his plays. The work of a keen critic suffering from the big-head and wearing a chip on his shoulder.

Defending Mr. William Rockefeller

WE can not agree with those estimable journals which think Mr. William Rockefeller should be censured for not voluntarily giving himself up when the authorities were seeking him recently. These papers expected too much of Mr. Rockefeller. They should remember that there is nothing in the criminal code which makes it unethical for fugitives to conceal themselves. The penalty is not any greater because a man tries to escape. Mr. Rockefeller knows much better than we what goods he has on him and how important it is that he should not be caught with them.

It seems to us that he has acted in a highly conventional manner and should receive the support of all respectable papers.

The Point of View

ANXIOUS MOTHER (*reading Mothers' Magazine*): Tell, me, Frank, what is Mellin's food?

GROUCHY HUSBAND (*reading newspaper*): The New York, New Haven and Hartford, of course.



Another Speed Record

THE following extract is from a recent report of the N. Y. branch of the A. S. P. C. A., one of the wealthiest institutions of its kind in the world:

The idea of a hospital for animals is by no means of recent origin, as a subscription list was started and contributions paid in to the Society's treasury for the purpose over twenty-four years ago. It is only recently, however, that its officers have felt that its finances would admit of the necessary heavy outlay to build and maintain it. This combined hospital, shelter and ambulance house forms an object lesson to those who have shown a disposition to criticise our organization for want of progressiveness.

Criticise? Congratulations, rather. Considering the previous record of this society, we offer it our hearty

felicitations on erecting a building twenty-four years after the contributions were received. That allows but ten years to shrink from the new idea, ten years for slumber and recovery from the shock, and four in which to wake up, yawn, stretch and actually get to work.

It is, indeed, "an object lesson to those who have shown a disposition to criticise our organization for want of progressiveness."

Were it not for the suffering animals all these years there would be food for mirth in the knowledge that this surprising haste was caused by a tardy sense of shame. It came after certain women of the society, disgusted by the hopeless delay, started out and built a hospital of their own.

New York's Secret

THE only reason that New York City is such a great success lies in the checks and balances which we have inherited from the federal government. By these wise checks and balances we are able to segregate one from another the functions of the three great departments of government: the legislative, the executive and the judicial.

As a result of this, no department will have anything to do with any other department. The Mayor is at loggerheads with the aldermen and the judiciary, and the judiciary and the aldermen are at loggerheads with each other. Accordingly our fair city moves steadily forward without friction. The people are as meek as they always have been and always should be, and the public service corporations are uniformly prosperous. If there is any city anywhere which is still without checks and balances, let it secure a set at once by all means.



"MY GRACIOUS! WHY DOESN'T HENRIETTE HURRY HOME FROM THAT CAUCUS? THESE CHILDREN ARE LIKELY TO BE BORN ANY MINUTE!"



A TRUE BELIEVER

Love and the Sea

LOVE one day, in childish anger,
Tired of his divinity,
Sick of rapture, sick of languor,
Threw his arrows in the sea.

Since then Ocean, like a woman,
Variable of nature seems:
Smiling, cruel, kind, inhuman,
Gloomed with grief and drowned in dreams.

Madison Cawein.

On Life's Wire

"HELLO, LIFE."

"Hello. Who is it, please?"

"This is Attorney-General Wickersham speaking."

"Hello, Mr. Wickersham. What's the news?"

"Nothing special, LIFE, but before I go out of office I want to find out if you appreciate what I have done to relieve the country of the domination of the trusts."

"Indeed we do. We have made our own investigation. For the last sixty days our scouts have raked the country with fine tooth combs, but we can't find a single trust."

"Hated to do it, LIFE, but I love the people dearly, and I just couldn't stand it to see them imposed upon."

"Of course, you couldn't. And speaking of the people, do you think they will ever get any benefit from your relentless activities?"

"It's hard to tell, but I'm hoping. Of course, so far as I am concerned, I could only follow the law. The law must be satisfied first of all. The law is now satisfied and the people are at liberty to do as they please, subject to the advice and consent of the statutes."

"Many thanks. It is heavenly to be able once more to do as we please."

"I thought you'd enjoy it. So long, LIFE."

"Good luck, Mr. Wickersham."

The Crisis

RANDALL: When did he first amount to anything?

ROGERS: When he first realized that he didn't amount to anything.

A MAN and his wife are one, but that doesn't always prove there is luck in odd numbers.

What Quotation Best Fits This Picture?

?

He believes himself alone on this island, sole survivor of the shipwreck. But as one other person was saved, a surprise awaits him.

For the quotation that best fits this picture, in English verse or prose, from the published works of any well-known writer, LIFE will give \$100.

The quotation must not exceed fifty words, and all answers must comply with the following conditions:

Conditions of the Contest

The paper upon which the quotation is sent should contain nothing else except the name and address of the author in the upper left-hand corner. If this rule is violated the judges reserve the right to debar the contribution.

Among quotations of equal merit preference will be given to the shortest.

Manuscripts should be addressed to

*The Contest Editor of LIFE,
17 West 31st St., New York.*

Envelopes addressed in any other way will not be considered.

Preference will be given to an answer not submitted by several contestants, but in case more than one person submits the winning quotation the prize will be divided.

All titles submitted must be at LIFE office not later than Saturday, February 15. The contest will close at noon of that date. Within one week from February 15 a check for \$100 will be sent to the winner.

Announcement of winner will be made in LIFE's issue of March 6—the Easter Number.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The contest is open to every one.

Only one answer from each contestant will be considered.

No manuscript will be returned.

The editors of LIFE will be the judges. They will award the prize to the quotation which, in their judgment, is the most deserving.



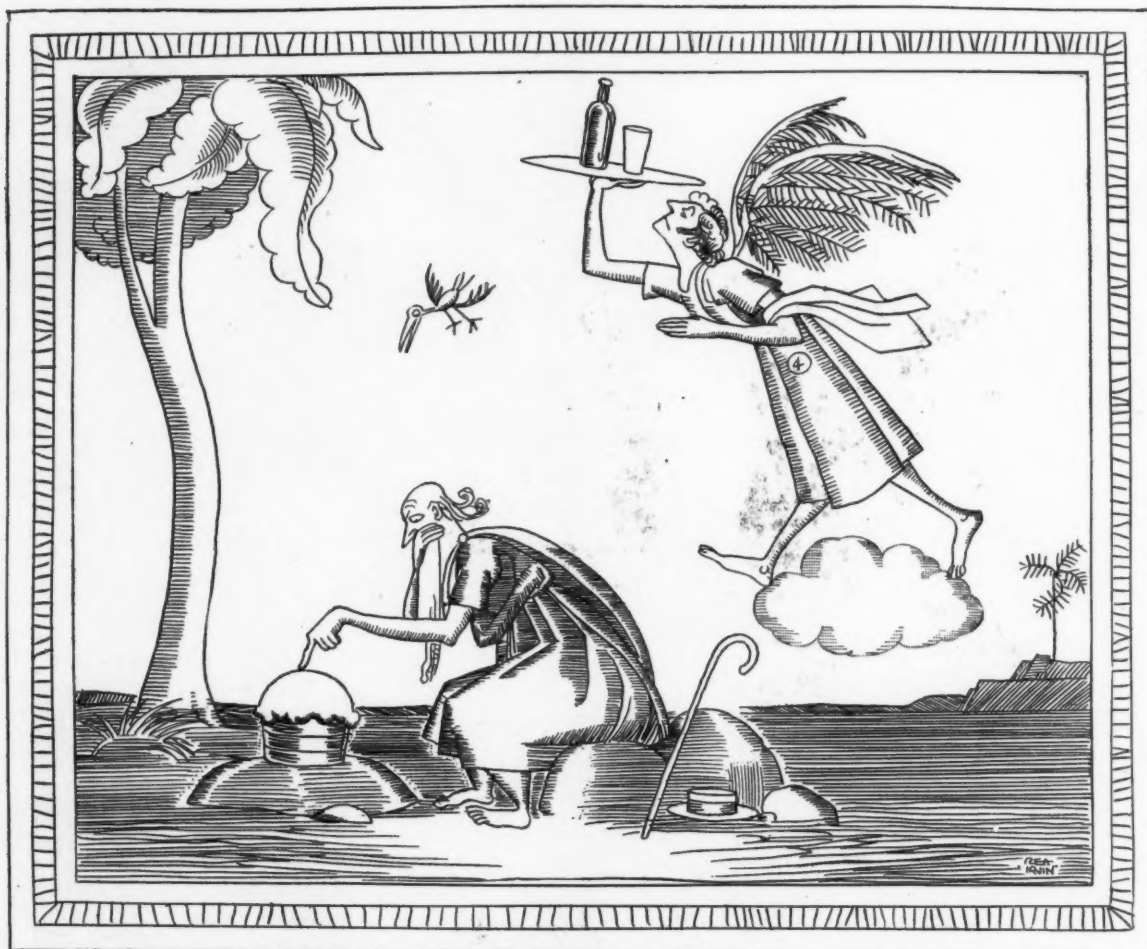
"HELLO, WHY ARE ALL THOSE CROQUET-WICKETS STANDING IN A ROW?"

"CROQUET-WICKETS? A FLEA JUST HOPPED ALONG THE ROAD."



"THE 'UMMING-BIRD TO THE LEFT, YOUR GRACE!"

HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF SCOTHIGH, ENTERTAINED A FEW FRIENDS LAST WEEK WITH A SHOOTING PARTY AT HIS MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY SEAT, TOTTERINGPILE-ON-THE-BLINK. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: GAMEKEEPER, HIS GRACE, THE HON. GLADYS GADD, LORD BALLYROT, LORD HAMERCY AND SIR ROGER TODDY, N. B., P. S. AND R. S. V. P.



FROM LIFE'S COLLECTION OF OLD PRINTS
ELIJAH AND THE ANGEL CAKE

An Awful Waste

SEE the little men in brown. They are dressed as if for labor and they belong to Uncle Sam. He calls them his soldier boys. The little man's dress is called a uniform, and it looks as if it might be serviceable for labor. But do the soldier boys labor? No. What do they do for a living? They tickle the mount of ego on Uncle Sam's palm and make the shekels trickle from between his fingers. For what purpose does a grown man like Uncle Sam play with all these little tin soldiers? Does he hope to train them for useful service of their country? No, he has no such hope. He merely wishes to demoralize the working man in order that he may pay money for armaments through fear. Why does not Uncle Sam enlist an army of ignorant men and train them to work in the fields and the mills so that they may earn their own livings and help their neighbors to be happy in

their homes? Because Uncle Sam, unfortunately, though quite old enough to be adolescent, has no imagination. He has a few foolish prejudices and preferences, but so constructive and necessary a tool as an imagination was left out of him when the Lord made him out of a rib of Dame Britannia. Will Uncle Sam ever take all these toys that he spends so much of his subjects' money upon and teach them to lead useful lives? Possibly, but he will see himself bankrupt first.

Battell Loomis.

Limited Accommodations

JAGSON: I see that New York City has set aside a farm of eleven hundred acres for the use of drunkards.

TOPEPLY: Um! That isn't much room for a man from Texas to get drunk in when he comes to the Metropolis.

NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SIXTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF BUSINESS

TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS:

Your Directors assume that, when you think of your contract with this Company, you never question the Company's soundness, but that you are deeply interested in its progress, and in the efficiency and economy of its management.

We submit, therefore, the following summary from the transactions of the year:

| | |
|--|-------------------------|
| During 1912 the Company received in premiums | \$85,941,784.05 |
| In Interest, Rents, etc. | 33,301,582.53 |
| Total Income | \$119,243,366.58 |

INVESTMENTS MADE DURING YEAR

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Real Estate Mortgage Loans (first liens) made in 46 Cities located in 25 States and Countries (to yield 5.32%) | \$34,916,046.00 |
| State, County and Municipal Bonds (domestic, including Canada) issued by 49 Counties and Municipalities located in 20 States (to yield 4.47%) | 7,463,101.77 |
| Domestic Railroad Bonds (to yield 4.56%) | 3,820,791.17 |
| Foreign R. R., Gov't and Municipal Bonds (to yield 4.21%) | 8,234,223.13 |
| Miscellaneous Bonds (to yield 4.73%) | 266,777.50 |
| Loaned to policy-holders on security of their policies (to yield 5%) | 27,763,909.00 |

DURING 1912 THE INSURED OR THEIR BENEFICIARIES RECEIVED FOR

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| Death Claims | \$25,788,714.50 |
| Matured Endowments | 6,167,076.79 |
| Surrendered Policies | 12,959,576.80 |
| Dividends | 11,436,686.36 |
| Annuities | 1,570,502.77 |

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Added to the reserve funds for insurances, to meet the standard adopted by the Company, in accordance with the law, and to the reserve funds for future dividends | \$31,019,826.00 |
|---|-----------------|

The increase in the earning power of the Company's assets during the last seven years is equal to 0.29%. Translated into dollars this means an increase in earning power, over 1905, of more than TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

The increased earning power developed in 1912 is notable. It is represented by 9/100 of 1%, and, if maintained, will increase the income of the Company in 1913 by comparison with what it would have been had the earning power remained as at the close of 1911, by the sum of \$647,000

| | |
|---|------|
| Of the amount which the law allowed us to spend in 1912 for new business, we actually spent | 91% |
| Of the amount which the law allowed us to spend for all purposes, we spent approximately | 63% |
| Of the amount of new business which the law allowed us to issue in 1912, we issued | 100% |

NINETEEN-TWELVE WAS A GOOD YEAR

If you desire further details, write the Home Office, 346 Broadway, New York.

Lawrence P. Kingsley
President

January 8, 1913

Theodore Dreiser, the novelist was talking in New York about a critic who had condemned his "dreary masterpiece," "Sister Carrie." With a smile, Mr. Dreiser said:

"‘Don’t say it isn’t good,’ he said. ‘Say you don’t like it. Then you’ll be safer. And now, come over here. Here is something you do like.’"

"I AM a self-made man, I am."

"Well, I think there is one thing you needn't worry about."

"What is that?"

"Taking out a patent."—*Tit-Bits*.



A visitor in the South had started out early one morning to see the sunrise from the top of a neighboring hill, when she met an old negro woman walking briskly toward her with a basket of clothes balanced on her head.

"Why, aunty," asked the visitor, "where are you going so early?"

"Lawzy, missy, I'se done been where I'sc gwine."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

The kind-hearted old lady handed the beggar a dime.

"My man, how did you become so poor?" she asked. "What brought you to this terrible stage of poverty?"

"The parcel post, mam," replied the beggar. "You see, I used to be president of an express company."

Cincinnati Enquirer.

WIFE: Why did you tell the Batsons that you married me because I was such a good cook, when you know I can't even boil a potato?

HUBBY: I had to make some excuse, my dear, and I didn't know what else to say!—*London Opinion.*

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"THE IDEA OF PUTTIN' SECH A PRIVATE THING IN SUCH A PUBLIC PART OF THE HOUSE! THESE NEW YORK FOLKS AIN'T GOT NO MODESTY."

The Lay of the Lonesome Lodger

Poor Thompson was weary. He'd been to a show,
Because he'd no home, and had no place to go.

"No home," did we say? It is true he'd a "room,"
But he dwelt there alone, in bachelor gloom.

He had one comfort left: it cheered him to think
That when he got home he would have a good drink.
A bottle was always awaiting him there;
(The label was *squint*, but the bottle was *square*!)

And now, as he thought of the flavor in store,
He hurried his diggings-ward footsteps the more.
The bottle he'd "marked," and had placed on the shelf,
To see if the "cat" had been helping herself.

But when he'd reached home, and had poured out his glass,
He found that the flavor had altered, alas!
Right up to the "mark"—he was *sure* 'twas his own—
The *contents* still reached—but the *flavor* had flown!

"Though *thin*," he exclaimed, "I declare it's 'too thick.'
I'll alter my digs—to my whisky I'll stick!

"It's 'up to the mark' in the *quantity*—yes;
But, thanks to the water, the *quality's* less!

"I wish that some genius would work with a will,
To make a new bottle that wouldn't refill!"

Next morning he told his best friend of his woes.

"Why, look here," cried his friend, "right under your nose

"Is just what you're looking for. Read this new 'ad'
A protective bottle at last can be had."

Cried Thompson: "New stopper! You can't pour it back!

By Jove! I believe that they're on the right track!

"And—luck double-headed!—*old Johnnie Walker*!

Talk of 'good tidings'—this 'ad' is a talker!

"Both 'Red' and 'Black' Labels—aged ten and twelve years—

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JOHNNIE WALKER

RED Label (*Every drop over 10 years old*) **BLACK Label** (*Every drop over 12 years old*)

To safeguard these ages, the policy of the distillers for the future is the same as their policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain the unique quality.

HOW TO POUR

Tilt the bottle quickly, nearly upside down. If the whisky does not flow freely, give the bottle a slight shake to set the valve in motion.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



No Joy-Visit

A Glasgow journalist who was careless of his personal appearance was assigned to write something about a show at a leading Glasgow theatre. He presented his card at a box-office.

The manager came out and looked at the disheveled visitor dubiously.

"Did you come here to write something about the play—to work?" he asked.

"Do you think I'd come to your theatre for amusement?" asked the journalist as he stalked out.

—Saturday Evening Post.

Makes Good Bread and Cake

"Is your wife a good cook?"

"She isn't very strong on theory. She can bake well enough, but she can't make a chemical analysis."

—Pittsburg Post.

Plans for Future

She was a lady visitor to the prison, kindly and well meaning, and as she chattered with a burglar who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, she thought she detected signs of reform in him. "And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future, on the expiration of your sentence?"

"Oh, yes ma'am," he said, hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a postoffice."—Philadelphia Star.

Caroni Bitters. Are stamped with the hall-mark of genuineness and originality. Constant users are our best friends. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

In a police court at Lincoln, Neb., a Greek was asked by the magistrate if he understood the meaning of an oath. This is the impressive way in which he defined it:

"Talka to God—talka to heaven. Talka straight—no lish business at all. Talka jes' right."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

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| | |
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| Bonds and Stocks | \$3,592,274.25 |
| Bonds and Mortgages, first lien (Fire Ins. on same \$7,137,500.00) | 7,985,675.00 |
| Real Estate | 5,358,200.00 |
| Loans and Liens on Policies | 4,212,380.37 |
| Cash in Banks and on hand | 321,529.42 |
| Deferred Premiums and Premiums in course of collection | 170,109.39 |
| Interest and Rents due and accrued, and all other assets | 404,915.00 |
| | \$22,045,083.43 |

LIABILITIES

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Policy Reserve (as computed by the New York Insurance Department) | \$19,733,777.00 |
| Reserve for Supplementary Contracts | 94,993.00 |
| Policy Claims awaiting Proof | 92,905.98 |
| Premiums, Interest and Rent paid in advance | 110,723.91 |
| Dividends due Policyholders (including 1913 Dividends apportioned in 1912) | 122,082.30 |
| Federal and State Taxes payable in 1913 (estimated) | 37,000.00 |
| All other liabilities | 31,263.16 |

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Not to Blame

"Do you obey the Bible injunction to love your neighbor?"

"I try to, but she won't let me."

—Jester (Columbia).

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



IRONWORKER (falling from a high building): THANKS, MIKE!



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Rhymed Review

A Woman of Genius

(By Mary Austin. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

You see, the grayest place on earth
Was Taylorville in Ohianna,
And so I married Betterworth,
For any change was blessed manna.

My baby died. Upon the stage
I sought relief, defying censure
Of village scolds; my weekly wage
Would help my husband's business
venture.

Returning, glad, but quite fatigued,
I found this husband—worst of
messes!—

Intrigued (I love the word "in-
trigued")
With that big blonde who made my
dresses!

Oh, well, I didn't love him much;
He lacked my poise and elevation;
But while we talked divorce and such
He died and saved the situation.

I toiled, I starved, in quest of Fame
(And Want is *not* the Benefactress
Of Genius), and in time became
The country's Leading Tragic Ac-
tress.

Now Helmeth Garrett came along—
My girlhood's flame; and so com-
pletely

We loved, that neither held it wrong
To live together most discreetly.

He would have wed me any day,
But would not wed my Work; 'twas
fated

That each should walk a different
way;

Without farewell we separated.

So now I'll marry Gerald; he's
A dramatist—a bit flirtatious.
We'll work and live the way we please,
And so the future looks quite spa-
cious.

We Artists grope a path through mists
And labyrinths of many angles
For others; we are Specialists
In Human Life with all its tangles.

My tale shall teach you how to go—
To foil the tricks that Fate has
played me.

I wonder does my Author know
How mean, how thankless, she has
made me?

Arthur Guiterman.

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the readability of the type. Look for flaws. Then sit down and read.

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than you ever expected to find in the covers of 18 volumes—send
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Send the coupon without a cent of money today. It costs you
nothing, puts you under no obligation. It will bring you de-
light and a bargain. But do it this minute.

To get the Kipling free you must reply right now. This is an
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real treasure.

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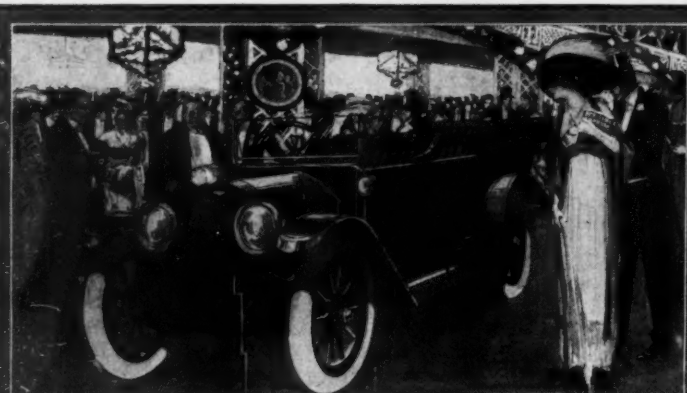
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or on the streets, wherever you see an Abbott-Detroit, you will be impressed with its bigness, its beauty, its "betterness," if you please.

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Their popularity at the New York show proved this. If you don't believe it, go to your local show, watch the crowd around the Abbott-Detroit booth, listen to the comments they make, ask the experts about the construction—about Continental motors—size up, for yourself, the general finish of the product, and notice the accessories with which Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped.

Then go around and look at the other machines—see if they have Electric Self-starters—Electric Lights with Dynamos— $\frac{3}{4}$ Elliptic, Oil Tempered Springs—Underslung Spring Constructions—Hand-buffed Leather Upholstery—12" Cushions—extra wide, well fitted Doors—as well equipped Dash Boards—as complete sets of Time, Speed and Mileage Recording Instruments—real Honeycomb Radiators—extra powerful Continental Motors with Enclosed Valves—Hot Water Jacketed Carburetors—Dual Ignition Systems—Multiple Disc Clutches—Compact, extra strong Nickel Steel Transmissions—Double Trussed Nickel Steel, Full-floating Type Rear Axles—Heavy Duty, External and Internal Brakes—Large Radius and Torsion Rods, Extra large Artillery Wheels—Over-size Tires—as large and as well Finished Bodies—and a dozen other little items of refinement which our salesmen will be glad to show you on Abbott-Detroit cars.

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| 44-50 7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheelbase..... | \$2000 |
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Tuesday, January 28, *Carnegie Hall*.—Second song recital by Julia Culp.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Song recital by Elena Gerhardt, a famous interpreter of the German "Lied."

(Evening).—Concert by the Adele Margulies Trio: An attractive form of chamber music, much affected by musicians in private but too seldom heard in public.

Carnegie Lyceum.—Concert by the Max Jacobs String Quartet, a comparatively new organization in the field of chamber music.

Wednesday, January 29, *Metropolitan Opera House* (Afternoon).—Wagner's "Rheingold": The first performance in the cycle of the "Nibelungen Ring."

(Evening).—The season's first presentation of Verdi's "Traviata," with Frieda Hempel in the leading rôle.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Lecture recital by Mr. Walter Damrosch on his own opera, "Cyrano," which is soon to be performed by the Metropolitan company.

(Evening).—Song recital by Madame von Niessen-Stone.

Rumford Hall.—Concert by the Olive Mead String Quartet: Four ladies whose sex does not prevent a musicianly and intelligent presentation of a most exacting type of music.

Thursday, January 30, *Metropolitan Opera House*.—Double bill: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," the traditional combination of Italian tragedies.

Carnegie Hall.—The Philharmonic Society, with Xaver Reiter, virtuoso of the French horn, presenting Mozart's concerto.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Costume recital by Miss Maggie Teyte, soprano, and Mr. Edmond Clément, tenor, concluding with Weckerlin's one-act operetta, "The Maid of Trianon": An attractive novelty, presented by two artists of unusual skill and personality.

Friday, January 31, *Metropolitan Opera House*.—Mr. Leo Slezak's impressive interpretation of Verdi's "Othello."

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—The Philharmonic Society in a repetition of Thursday's programme.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—The New York Symphony Society, with Ysaye, the violinist, playing two concertos, by Brahms and Viotti respectively.

(Evening).—Violin recital by Jaroslav Kocian.

Saturday, February 1, *Metropolitan Opera House* (Afternoon).—Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," with the regular cast: A popular tragedy, glorifying the Japanese character at the expense of the American.

(Evening).—Wagner's "Thannhäuser": The first of a series of extra performances at popular prices.

Aeolian Hall.—A concert of Russian church music.

Sunday, February 2, *Metropolitan Opera House*.—The usual return to Sabbath conventionalities in concert form.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—The Philharmonic Society, with Bonari Grimson, an American violinist, presenting Max Bruch's concerto in G minor.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—The New York Symphony Society in a repetition of Friday's programme, with Ysaye as the soloist.

Belasco Theatre.—Joint recital by Miss Isabel Hauser and the Saslavsky String Quartet.

Rumford Hall.—The Marum-Brockway Ensemble: A presentation of music for violin and piano by two local artists.

Monday, February 3, *Aeolian Hall*.—Second concert of the season by the Flonzaley Quartet: A group of highly developed musicians representing the Latin and hence temperamental attitude toward chamber music.

Belasco Theatre (Afternoon).—Concert by the Barrère Ensemble: An unusual opportunity to hear compositions written for the wood wind-instruments, played by a small band under the leadership of Mr. George Barrère, the foremost flutist in America.



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A Strange Case

"Here's a strange case," said the keeper to the visitor as he pushed open the door of a padded cell. The visitor looked and saw a man sitting by the barred window. In his hand was a pencil and in front of him a pad of paper, on which he was figuring violently. The floor was strewn with sheets of paper covered thickly with figures.

"This man," explained the keeper, "was moderately well off in a financial way. When automobiles first came out, he pinched himself to buy one. As you know, at that time it cost a great deal more than it does now to buy a good machine, and in addition to that it cost a great deal more to run them."

"Oh, yes," agreed the visitor. "One's money goes a great deal further these days, or I might say one's money carries one further." The occupant of the cell looked up and grinned foolishly.

What is the use of living if you can't enjoy yourself?

Evans' Ale

enables you to put more into your life and get more out of it, and helps you to do a little more living on the journey. Makes the gliding years bring their own compensation.

1786 Nearest dealer or write to **1913**
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A Plain American in England

The author has just received a letter from a man who bought it for 50c who said:

"Your book got me into trouble with my family. I started it before dinner and took it to the table with me. I have learned the truth of the saying, 'There's no place like home.'"

Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

"He became an enthusiast," went on the keeper. "Each year he bought a new model, with all the latest stunts. He studied every detail carefully and kept a comparative account of what it was costing him to run his car, the cost per mile and per passenger per mile and per everything."

"Some people like that sort of thing," observed the visitor.

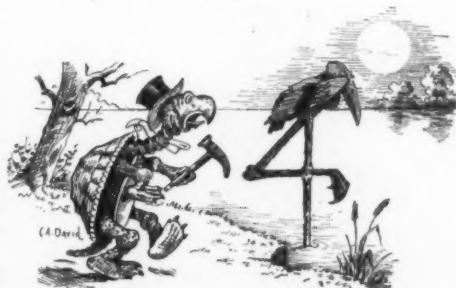
"He found that it was costing him less all the time. This worried him. That's how he got started with the wrong mental twist. You see it was this way: He was very conceited about his mathematical and bookkeeping powers. And yet, the facts and conclusions which he obtained concerning his automobile experience were so at variance with his experience with other means of transportation that he feared he had made some terrible mistake, and that his methods were wrong."

"I don't quite follow you," said the visitor.

"I'll explain," said the keeper. "For instance, he was a commuter. Every little while the railroad would raise his commutation rate under the plea that steam transportation was costing more because of higher wages and better equipment, and so on. You know the line of talk."

"Yes, I know. I'm a commuter myself."

"He was also a shipper and every little while the railroads would raise freight rates on the same plea. He



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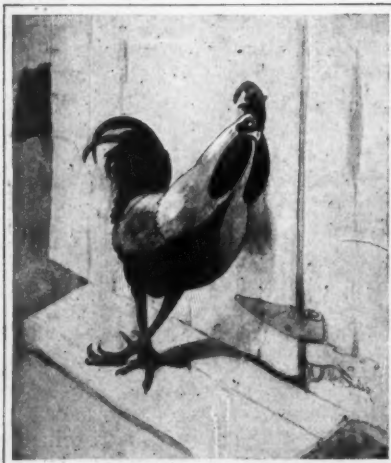


"OOH!"

By Walt Kuhn

Photogravure, 13½ x 16 in.
50 cents

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"What's the use, anyway? Nothing but an egg yesterday and a feather duster to-morrow"

By Mark Fenderson

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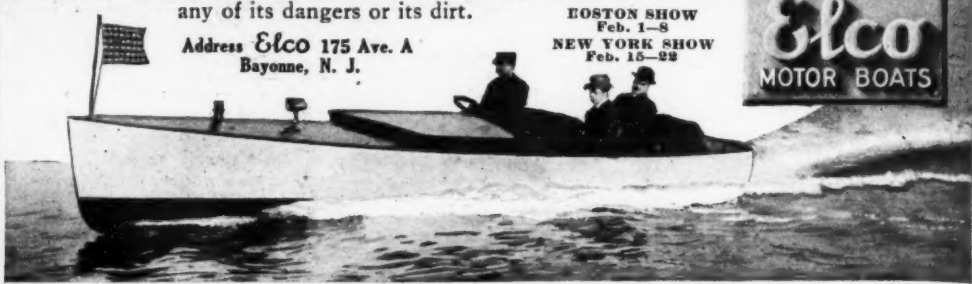
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rode in trolleys and found that every little while the companies would abolish transfers with the plea that they could no longer afford to give them. He rode in taxicabs and found that the price was greater and greater all the time."

"That's been my experience, too."

"And yet his own little private transportation system became less and less expensive from day to day. He began to devote more and more time to his figures. He sold out his business so that he could give every possible minute to the solution of the problem. He got hold of the reports and the statements of the transportation companies and conned them studiously. Finally he thought he discovered the cause. It was because his automobile was not bonded and stocked. He tried to work out a plan to bond it and stock it himself, but he couldn't make it work out right. So one day, pale and haggard, he walked into the office of the biggest banker in Wall street and demanded that his automobile be underwritten for a large amount. Naturally the magnate was frightened. Capital is always timid, you know. The banker called several clerks around him while this fellow tried to explain lucidly how he wanted his own transportation system to be as progressive as other transportation systems, and how he wanted to feel that he could charge up to operating expenses each year a large amount for interest and dividends. They asked him if he was going to sell the bonds and stocks and he said no, that he was going to keep them. Then they tried to explain that his proposal was foolish. Then he grew very excited. With that they called the bouncer and, as he grew more violent after his incarceration in prison, they had to bring him here."

"Is it a hopeless case?" asked the visitor.

"Can't tell, but you see he is still at it. Listen. I'll ask him a question. You're not crazy, are you, Johnson?"

"Somebody's crazy," replied the patient. "If it isn't I, then it's the rest of them."

Ellis O. Jones.

Many Happy Returns

The current number of **LIFE** (January 2) is its Birthday issue and celebrates the thirtieth year of the paper's career—a career that its publishers and editors can look back upon with more than justifiable pride, for **LIFE** is not only one of the best humorous periodicals of America, but one of the very best in the world, and beneath its frivolous cloak it does a great work for the welfare of humanity. Many an ironical joke about child labor, cruelty to animals, underpaid employees and other important matters has done more toward improving conditions than the long-winded articles of the more serious-minded press. Its editorial columns are always witty and to the point, dealing with affairs of the world in a terse and amusing style; while its illustrations and text matter are selected from the best that the American literary and artistic world can offer. **LIFE** never stoops to be vulgar or common, and when it has anything to say, it strikes from the shoulder, but never hits an enemy below the belt.

—The News Trade.

"Hot Toddy—
Ah! it's Good!"

There's the
glow of life in

Old
Overholt Rye

"Same
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years"

Keen, warm, vital—captured from the hot sun that vitalized the rye.

A stimulant of quality—a dependable, pure rye whiskey bottled in bond.

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Pittsburgh, Pa.



Mellen Defined

He is an extraordinarily strong man, and also a very arbitrary one. In taking the management of the New Haven he assumed heavy responsibilities to his stockholders and undertook the operation of a property desperately in need of potent and progressive management. He was fully capable of doing the improvement work needed. His courage and his knowledge of what a modern railroad should be never failed. But his courage was of a kind that could not explain itself, or did not want to. He is one of those men who should have been born a pope or a czar.

If he had been diplomatic he would have made clear long ago to the people of New England not only that he was seeking to establish a transportation monopoly, but the reasons; and why not only the railway but the public might benefit by it. But Mr. Mellen is seldom a talking man, and when he does talk he is apt to put a sting in his remarks which will incense rather than conciliate. His curt manners and arbitrary methods have made him numerous enemies among those who have had business dealings with him. When he has felt that radical changes should be made in the service of the road he often has not considered what other people might think about them, but has made them first and found out what other people thought afterward; and very commonly he has found that they thought very ill of both the changes and of their maker.

The New Hampshire Commission recently made a searching investigation of the New Haven's affairs and gave the management a clean bill of health for integrity. If Mr. Mellen had been a little less of an individualist and a little more of a diplomat in his attitude toward public opinion, the clean bill of health given by the New Hampshire Commission would have been relatively less important.

—*Railway Age Gazette.*

A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.

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We started in a hut. Today our agencies dot the earth. Our output exceeds a million barrels a year.

Schlitz

The Beer

That Made Milwaukee Famous

See that crown or cork is branded "Schlitz."

29-M



Justice

A bricklayer in Flanders, having the misfortune to fall from a house he was repairing, pitched exactly on the head of a Spaniard, and killed him on the spot, without receiving the least injury himself. The relations of the deceased, however, prosecuted the unhappy wight with much acrimony, refusing every other recompense except *lex talionis*. The fate of the bricklayer, therefore, was suspended by a very slender thread; when the judge, exasperated at the prose-

cutors' obstinacy, addressed the acting one as follows: "Sir, your request shall be complied with: ascend you the top of the house, by which your kinsman lost his life, and from thence fall with all your force upon the culprit, whom I will station below; so that the punishment may be proportioned to the offense."

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 Look next for a perfect application and
 control of the power this engine gives.
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 enjoy this power to the full. Look for
 all this — and you will find the

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